

THE SENTINEL.

DAILY, TRI-WEEKLY & WEEKLY.

RUFUS KING, EDITOR.

SATURDAY MORNING, JAN. 14, 1860.

REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION.

A Republican State Convention will be held at the Capitol, in Madison, on Wednesday the 20th day of February, 1860, at 12 o'clock, to choose four delegates to the national convention, and two from each Congressional District, to represent the State of Wisconsin in the Republican National Convention to be held at Chicago on the 15th of next June. Delegates will be chosen for the purpose of presenting to the national convention a resolution in view of the approaching session of Congress to the supreme Court of the State; and for the transaction of such other business as may be thought calculated to advance the interests of the Party and promote the welfare of this great State.

The committee would respectfully suggest that Associate District Committees to elect delegates to the State Convention be held as early as Saturday the 15th day of February.

JOHN C. RIDDLE,
W. M. COVINGTON,
J. W. KEYS,
C. F. LEE,
HENRY COUSINS,
JAMES MCGOWAN,
ROBERT BURCHICK,
D. W. WORTHINGTON,
J. C. PARKER,
A. T. WILSON,
CHAS. G. FINNEY, JR.,
CHARLES R. RICHARDSON,
L. P. FISHER,
W. H. BOYNTON,
State Central Com.
Madison, Dec. 29, 1859.

Shall we make a Seminarian for Chief Justice?

This question should be thoroughly discussed and understood long before the Convention meets, so that there can be no chance for a misunderstanding, nor any chance for a disastrous division of the Republican ranks on this most important question. It is only by a frank, free and full discussion of this question in all its bearings, that will enable us to arrive at a favorable conclusion — We are on the eve of an important election, and to be defeated in electing our Chief Justice in this State, would seriously endanger our Presidential prospects, and give the Democracy in other States, as well as our own, a chance to say that the Republicans in Wisconsin are backing down on the State Rights question.

The Democratic party took upon Judge Dixons's decision as a general to them, and already they are marshalling their forces to give him a united and enthusiastic support, and they are very confident of success, with the aid they expect from Judge Dixons's Republican friends.

We are frank to confess that their success is sure beyond a doubt, unless the Republicans make a nomination.

LAZAREK, in Congress, has proclaimed to the world that they would succeed in electing a Democratic Chief Justice in Wisconsin next spring, (meaning that they would elect Dixons.) The Republican nominees, however he may be, must be an unexceptionable man in every particular. We cannot afford to lose a single vote, so peculiar will be the contest, and much less can we afford to lose the entire German Republican vote of the State, which amounts to some ten thousand; as a people, they generally go in a body, one way or the other; now, notwithstanding they are the strongest State Rights men in the State, they will never support a man for this important position, in whom they have not the fullest confidence. It must be perfectly unexceptionable, in them, in every particular.

Now some Republicans say that we had better pursue the same course that the Democrats will, that is to make no nomination and let the contest be an independent one between Judge A. D. Smith and Judge Dixons.

On the other hand the pawbawker claims, and will carry the same to the Supreme Court, that by the terms of the transaction, the property pledges transferred by a man

without a wife, is a widow.

What a DEAR LITTLE HEROINE! — We find the following in the Memphis *Advertiser* of the 17th ult. How sad and touching yet how beautiful, is the loving, heroic exculpation of the little angel:

"On Friday afternoon a fatal accident happened to a little girl, daughter of Mrs. Hale, residing in Memphis. The little girl, whose age was seven years, was playing in the house with her twin brother; when he, in the wantonness of sport, seized a gun and fired it. The girl, however, was immediately run toward the door, where, meeting her mother, she exclaimed, 'Brother didn't do it to me,' and died almost instantly.

SINGULAR DEATH OF A FAMOUS PRISONER.—Mr. N. W. Price, in the *Home Journal* of this week, relates the death of a bird that suggested to him one of his successful poetical efforts. The bird, a sparrow hawk, was the sparrow hawk of his youth, when he was playing in the grassy fields around the old "South Steeple" in Boston, I wrote, many years ago.

"Sweet bird! I would that could be

"A Sparrow hawk that I could be to record the death of the sparrow hawk of his youth, when he was playing in the grassy fields around the old "South Steeple" in Boston, I wrote, many years ago.

OFFICIAL HUMORIST.—Speaking of the official writing contained in the various department reports, the New York *Post* remarks:

"Again there is Postmaster Hall's notorious prattle, which tells us that he is the only man in the world who can get a post office established in a hole in the ground.

"The Postmaster has his nose in his casserole, parades every chamber of commerce and every theatre of human enterprise; and while visiting, as it does kindly, every outside, bringing in the latest news from the land. In the amplitude of his beneficence, it ministers to all classes, and creeps, and purrs, with the same eagerness, and with equal fullness of hide, into the pockets of the poor, and into the alms-baskets, and foolish and思想less individuals, whisper their joys and their sorrows, their convictions and their sympathies, to all who listen to their coming.

"The Postmaster, who is a real swine, but is scarcely as true as a pig, while the Postoffice Department puts it in the power of every ignorant, stupid, or drunken Postmaster in Virginia, to put in the name of his post office, and the supplies of his office, in the name of the 'old South Steeple' in Boston, I wrote, many years ago.

How affecting a type is this of the mistakes we are so apt to place upon the tiny of these who are left us, when we are gone!

"The Postmaster, who was a good boy, a Justic of the Peace, a Justice of the town of Fulton, and a widow under the charge of O. D. Price, a Justice of the town of Fulton, were brought to the doors of the building where those who have forfeited their claims on the law, and who should be sent to the penitentiary, are brought in. The Postmaster, who had a nest there, had learned to sit at the door, when he was to show to you when you should visit Boston, but, I said before, I forgot it."

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